

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Anagram Phoenix"

You don't know what's next  
Generation X gotta prep  
Only for those who can see it  
The iPhone is an anagram for the phoenix

I'm a woodwind instrument repairman  
Dashing, handsome and daring, the Tuskegee airman  
Reduce my ground-speed to give the underground what they need  
If they don't know what to believe  
Then I don't know what to tell 'em  
Bliss, ignorance is a weapon  
Illusions in the middle of the desert  
We all in a sanctuary city, I stand corrected  
It's all connected, take an alter exit  
Move on to the next shit  
Jichrome, can't tour late night on the phone  
'Cause you don't live alone  
1 on 1 with Angela Yee  
Bacon, eggs and cheese  
Lowered torso, legs and feet  
Hip hop's first Elon Musk  
Iron lungs with guts  
Take it back to the rewind button  
He was born as a baby in a manger in crystalline light chambers  
They called him a microphone mangler  
Developed as a unit, before it's one love it's one music  
His sound gave shape to the future  
Guess what? the natty dread can't stand the feds  
He eat banana bread livin' off grit in the tent  
Present crisis PR expert  
Music box moves network  
Where they trade net worth for wetwork  
YouTube: Canibus search, skip over the battle  
I been rappin since Eve took a bite out the apple  
The Book of Eli transformed my mind and designed  
The Paul Thomas Anderson storyline  
The expression: "Reason without rhyme"  
Clearly comes to mind  
That's why I rarely dumb it down sometimes  
It's an accelerated positive feedback loop:  
Uses Mars system surveillance: I need that, too!  
The bulk data transfer from the West-Indian black panther  
Search the universe for answers!

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What's comin down the pipeline next?

The iPhone anagram for the phoenix makes sense

Hip Hop robotics with upgraded optics  
My wardrum mounted on the wall where I found it  
Mad-dog maddis mathematics  
Please read the caption:  
Binoculars read your lips from the rafters  
Thanos, cook mean on that drum machine  
Take it back to the 20,000 man street team  
Baby-boomers from the future wearing some faded ass booms  
With an old school gold-plated ruger  
"How many times did they shoot ya?"  
What the fuck kinda question is that, who's the interviewer?  
Hydrogen powered limited edition Eddie Bauer  
Gold-colored clouds spark electricity showers  
When I beam down and rap  
I yellow tape that  
My Man my Mellow won't even say that  
I lift up my praise and make the rain fall sideways  
Resurrect Hip Hop from the grave  
The third-eye brigade, the blockchain bars on a cage  
Call out the pressure on the gauge  
Extraction in a half hour, put some man-trousers over them skinny jeans  
We need man power!  
Step into my office, excuse the faint smell of nail polish  
I'm water-proofing my electronics  
Right, I got things to go bump in the night  
Fight? I throw you in the trunk space with no light  
Front-right and center a jeeda chrome taste test us  
Now you can't feel your face, nigga

The iphone IS an anagram for the phoenix  
Soon to be seen by all the believers  
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